

**THIS
MINISTER**

Professes to favor Prohibition and to oppose the rum traffic, but elects to office—

**THIS
LEGISLATOR**

Who is a member of a political party that enacts or supports a license law which permits—

**THIS
RUMSELLER**

To carry on a business that transforms boys and men into beings like—

**THIS
DRUNKARD**

Who is the product of the saloon, which could not exist unless sanctioned by Christian votes.



Living Spirit
1916

A Call to the Churches of the Living God

In the city of Pittsburg a few weeks ago the explosion of hundreds of barrels of whiskey resulted in the death of more than a score of lives. It was a sad catastrophe which befell those innocent men, and the public cries out, "How terrible!" "How dreadful!" But what is the loss of these few men compared with the awful wreck and ruin and desolation and wretchedness and death wrought by rum throughout this nation. Ten barrels of the stuff poured down men's throats will do more damage than the explosion of 10,000 barrels in the heart of a great city. A score or more lives go out by this calamity, but in the nation rum sends 75,000 thro death's door to a miserable eternity. By this explosion Pittsburg is robbed of a few of her noble young men and is left to care for a few widows and orphans, but every year rum, that relentless, merciless foe of the human race, robs this nation of more than 50,000 of her promising youth, leaves us thousands of poor widows and desolate homes, multiplies crime and vice, adds poverty to misery and misery to wretchedness and to wretchedness death, and yet from a great majority of our churches this appalling picture scarcely calls forth even a remonstrance.

Better far, yea infinitely better, gather every drop of the liquid fire, in which lurks an ocean of hell, into one huge store house and let it go off with a tremendous blast, tho it should raze to the ground an entire city and send its inhabitants into eternity, better far this, we say, than permit the boys and fathers of this land pour the liquid fire of damnation down their throats, rob our homes and country, and turn the nation into a den of thieves, debauchers, criminals, paupers, yea, into hell itself.

Fellow-Christians, the time has come, the fulness of

God's own time, when the churches of the living God must wake from their long slumber, arise, gird on the mighty armor of faith and truth, and as one man, go forth to battle against the mightiest and most formidable foe that ever invaded this land of liberty. Fellow-Christian, in the name of the living God, whose we are and whom we serve, awake out of thy sleep and respond to the voice of duty and the pitiful pleadings that come to us from the length and breadth of the land. Today the nations of the earth are trembling in fear of each other, and our own beloved nation is throbbing as it were in the pangs of a great crisis; she is building mighty vessels of war, monster engines of destruction, not awake to the fact that the most deadly and destructive foe that ever threatened the fair fabric of this government is now and for years has been, within the limits of our own borders, fostered, protected and hugged by our national law makers, the representatives of the people. Again we call aloud, Churches of the living God, turn your guns, that mighty weapon of warfare—votes—on the 250,000 saloons that are secretly and publicly destroying the life-blood of this nation and let them be blown to atoms. What is that in thine hand? It is but a little slip of paper, but in the hands of a man of God, it may work a greater freedom than the rod in the hands of Moses. The voice of God is calling; the wailing cry of untold millions writhing in misery has come up to the ears of God and he is calling for a Moses to deliver his people; the pitiless pleadings of wives whose lives have all but been crushed out by the demon of rum; the fatherless and motherless children, yea, God and Christ and humanity and conscience and duty, call aloud, "Awake, arise, and go forth to battle." Who will heed the call?

A. D. GNAGEY.